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The Children's Praise Book.
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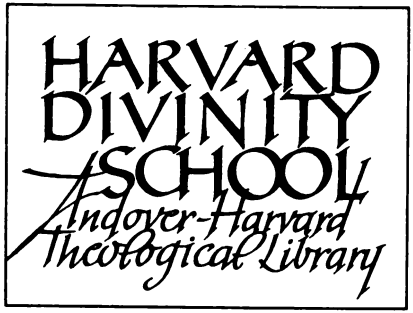

Rev. Charles Hutchins

OF CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS

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THE

Children's Praise Book.

EDITED BY

THE AUTHOR OF "THE PRAISE BOOK."

LONDON:
JAMES NISBET & CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.
MDCCCLXXII.

THE

CHILDREN'S PRAISE BOOK.

This Friend is *always* worthy
The precious name He bears.

There 's a *crown* for little children
Above the bright blue sky;
And all who look for Jesus,
Shall wear it by and by;
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On all who 've found His favour
And loved His name below.

There 's a *song* for little children
Above the bright blue sky—
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually—
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing;
They know not Christ as *Saviour*,
But worship Him as King.

There 's a *robe* for little children
Above the bright blue sky;
And a *harp* of sweetest music,
And a *palm* of victory.
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone;
Oh, come, dear little children,
That all may be your own.

2 HOW GREAT IS THE LOVE!

How great is the love
Which Jesus hath shown!
He came from above,
From heaven's bright throne,
That He might deliver
Poor sinners from hell,

And take them for ever
In glory to dwell.

It is not too late
To Jesus to flee:
His mercy is great,
His pardon is free!
His blood has such virtue
For all that believe,
That nothing can harm you
If Him you receive.

3 AROUND THE THRONE OF GOD IN HEAVEN.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing glory, glory, glory.

In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,—
Singing glory, glory, glory.

Once they were little things like you,
And lived on earth below,
And could not praise, as now they do,
The Lord that loved them so,—
Singing glory, glory, glory.

What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?
How came those children there,
Singing glory, glory, glory?

Because the Saviour shed His blood
To purge away their sin;
Now washed in that most precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing glory, glory, glory.

4 JESUS WHO LIVED ABOVE THE SKY.

Jesus who lived above the sky
Came down to be a man and die;
And in the Bible we may see
How very good He used to be.

He went about, He was so kind,
To cure poor people who were blind;
And many who were sick and lame,
He pitied them, and did the same.

And more than that, He told them, too,
The things that God would have them do;
And was so gentle and so mild,
He would have listen'd to a child.

But such a cruel death He died!
He was hung up and crucified;
And those kind hands that did such good,
They nail'd them to a cross of wood.

And so He died! and this is why
He came to be a man and die:
The Bible says He came from heaven,
That we might have our sins forgiven.

He knew how wicked men had been,
And knew that God must punish sin;
So out of pity Jesus said,
I'll bear the punishment instead.

5 GOD HAS A FAMILY ON EARTH.

God has a family on earth
  Of daughters and of sons;
His Holy Spirit gave them birth,
  They are His little ones.

He watches over them for good,
  And hears their feeblest cries;
He gives them shelter, clothes, and food,
  Yea, all their wants supplies.

He knows their weak and tender frame,
  Pities their griefs and fears,
And calls them every one by name,
  And wipes away their tears.

To what the Lamb of God has done,
  They all their blessings owe;
'Tis for the sake of His dear Son
  The Father loves them so.

6 THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.

There is a happy land,
  Far, far away;
Where saints in glory stand,
  Bright, bright as day.
Oh how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is the Saviour King;
Loud let His praises ring,
  Praise, praise for aye!

Come to that happy land,
  Come, come away—
Why will ye doubting stand?
  Why still delay?

Oh, they shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Who, Lord, shall live with Thee!
Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
Reign, reign for aye.

7 A BEAUTIFUL HOME.

THE Saviour, Jesus, is gone to prepare
Such a beautiful home in the sky,
And He says He will come
And take to that home
Ev'ry sinner that 's born from on high.

How sweetly their voices shall praise Him there
For the blessings His hand has bestow'd;
They shall shine there bright
In their robes of white,
For they all have been wash'd in His blood.

And crowns they shall wear of the purest gold,
And a wonderful song they shall sing;
And each shall cast down
His glittering crown
At the feet of the heavenly King.

And happy, amidst this bright, joyous throng,
Shall many a little one sing;
May I join them, and raise
My voice to the praise
Of the Giver of every good thing.

I'd like to go to that heaven so bright,
For joy beams, in that world, on each face.
But if there I would go,
On earth I must know,
As my Saviour, the Lord of that place.

8 THE BRIGHT WORLD ON HIGH.

When John was by the angel led
To the bright world on high,
He saw what joys await the dead
Who do in Jesus die.

He saw them round the Father's throne,
Gazing upon His face;
Singing, with harps of sweetest tone,
The praises of His grace.

He saw them clothed in robes of white,
Such as none others wear,
Shining, like stars of morning bright,
And like the angels fair.

He saw the Lamb, whose blood was spill'd,
To give His people rest;
With His bright beams the place was fill'd,
And every heart was blest.

God says, There 's room enough for all
Who now to Jesus come;
And all who hear the Father's call
In heaven will find a home.

9 ONE THERE IS ABOVE ALL OTHERS.

One there is above all others—
Oh how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's—
Oh how He loves!

Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us—
Oh how He loves!

'Tis eternal life to know Him—
Oh how He loves!
Think, oh think how much we owe Him—
Oh how He loves!
With His precious blood He bought us,
In the wilderness He sought us,
To His fold He safely brought us—
Oh how He loves!

Through His name we are forgiven—
Oh how He loves!
Backward shall our foes be driven—
Oh how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide us,
Nought but good shall e'er betide us,
Safe to glory He will guide us—
Oh how He loves!

10 THE LITTLE CAPTIVE MAID.

To Israel's land, when Israel sinn'd,
A band of Syrians came,
Took captive thence a little maid,
Who knew God's holy name.

She waited upon Naaman's wife,
A mighty captain he,
But, sad to tell, all cover'd o'er
With dreadful leprosy.

The little captive soon makes known
What wonders may be wrought

By God's own prophet, in her land,
And begs he may be sought.

Dear children, you are covered o'er
With leprosy of sin;
'Tis Jesu's blood, and that alone,
Can make you white and clean.

Think not that you must something do,
To have your sins forgiven;
"Wash, and be clean, believe and live,"
Are words to you from heaven.

11 ONE THERE IS WHO ONCE LIKE JOSEPH.*

ONE there is who once like Joseph
Was rejected by His own;
By His brethren scorn'd and hated,
God the Father's blessed Son.
Once He walk'd in grace among them,
Sought them in His Father's name;
Yet they closed their hearts against Him,
When in tenderest love He came.

Now into a distant country
He is gone, and there, unknown
To the brethren who despised Him,
Sits upon a glorious throne.
Soon will come the time of famine,
And in all their grief and need,
They who scorn'd Him now will seek Him,
Bowing low before His feet.

Then will they remember Jesus—
All His words of love and grace;
Mourn the sin, the scorn, the hatred
Of those old forgotten days.

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Hid, as in a veil of glory,
He will wait to see their tears,
And with yearning heart will listen
To their sorrows and their fears.

Then when they have own'd Him, mourn'd [Him,
That bright veil will He remove,
Show Himself, the dead who liveth,
In His glory and His love.
Oh what joy when they behold Him,
Know His face, His voice, His kiss—
All their sin no more remember'd,
He is theirs, and they are His!

12 AS THE SERPENT RAISED BY MOSES.

As the serpent raised by Moses
Heal'd the fiery serpents' bite,
Jesus thus Himself discloses
To the wounded sinner's sight.

Hear His gracious invitation—
"I have life and peace to give—
I have wrought out full salvation:
Sinner, look to Me, and live."

"Dwell upon your sins no longer,
Well I know their mighty guilt;
But My love than death was stronger,
I My blood have freely spilt."

13 "TO-DAY SHALT THOU BE WITH ME IN PARADISE."

When the Lord was crucified
Two transgressors with Him died!
One with vile blaspheming tongue
Scoff'd at Jesus as He hung.

But the other, touch'd by grace,
Saw the danger of his case;
Faith received to own the Lord,
Whom the scribes and priests abhorr'd.

"Lord," he prayed, "remember me
When Thy kingdom here shall be!"
"This day with Me," He replies,
"Thou shalt be in paradise."

This was wondrous grace indeed,
Grace vouchsafed in time of need:
When we trust in Jesu's name,
We shall find Him still the same.

14 THE FLOOD CAME AND TOOK THEM ALL AWAY.

THE rain had pour'd unceasingly
For many a night and day,
And all that lived upon the earth
The flood had swept away.

While calmly in the Ark upborne,
Along that death-strewn sea,
The God of grace had safely kept
A little company.

And Noah, though around him spread
One dismal, watery waste,
Knew that his God would keep them still,
Till danger all was past.

Another flood is coming soon,
Of fiery wrath and woe,
On all whose hearts have here refused
The God of grace to know.

But Jesus is the living Ark,
Where all who will, may come,

And find in Him a hiding-place,
A safe, a happy home.

This Ark, by God's own love prepared,
Stands open every day;
And He has promised him that comes,
He'll never cast away.

Oh, happy they who enter there!
Their sins are all forgiven,
And safe with Jesus they will be,
When wrath is pour'd from heaven.

15 LIKE AS THE DAYS OF NOAH WERE.

LIKE as the days of Noah were,
So shall they also be
When Christ, the Son of Man, shall come,
Whom every eye shall see.

Before the flood, they ate, they drank,
And married day by day;
And knew not till the flood did come,
And take them all away.

So now; men live, and buy, and sell,
And peace and safety cry;
Not knowing, in their unbelief,
That Christ the Lord is nigh.

The Ark, the Ark, and it alone,
Was safety in the flood;
So Jesus, and no other name,
Saves sinners by His blood.

All in the Ark were very safe,
For God had shut them in;
So all Christ's sheep are in His hand,
And none can pluck from Him.

16 ONCE IN A PLEASANT GARDEN.*

ONCE, in a pleasant garden,
God placed a happy pair;
And all within was peaceful,
And all around was fair.

But oh! they disobeyed Him!
The one thing He denied
They long'd for, took, and tasted;
They ate it, and—they died!

Yet, in His love and pity,
At once the Lord declared
How man, though lost and ruin'd,
Might after all be spared!

For one of Eve's descendants,
Not sinful, like the rest,
Should spoil the work of Satan,
And man be saved and blest!

This gentle, holy Jesus,
Without a spot or stain,
By wicked hands was taken,
And crucified and slain!

They laughed at Him and mock'd Him:
They told Him to "come down,"
And leave that Cross of suffering,
And change it for a crown.

Why did He bear their mockings?
Was He "the Mighty God?"
And could He have destroyed them
With one Almighty word?

Yes, Jesus could have done it;
But let me tell you why

* *Copyright*, from "The Old, Old Story."

He would not use His power,
But chose to stay and die.

He had become our "surety;"
And what we could not pay,
He paid instead and for us,
On that one dreadful day.

O wonderful redemption!
God's remedy for sin!
The door of heaven is open,
And you may enter in!

For God released our "surety,"
To show the work was done;
And Jesu's resurrection
Declared the victory won.

17 LORD, A LITTLE BAND AND LOWLY.

LORD, a little band and lowly,
We are come to sing to Thee;
Thou art great, and high, and holy,
Oh, how solemn we should be!
Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven where He is gone;
And let nothing ever please us,
He would grieve to look upon.

For we know the Lord of glory
Always sees what children do,
And is writing now the story
Of our thoughts and actions too.
May we know our sins forgiven,
Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
Lead us on our way to heaven,
There to sing a nobler song.

18 THERE IS A BETTER WORLD, THEY SAY.

THERE is a better world, they say,
Oh, so bright!
Where sin and woe are done away,
Oh, so bright!
And music fills the balmy air,
And angels with bright wings are there,
And harps of gold and mansions fair,
Oh, so bright!

No clouds e'er pass along its sky,
Happy land;
No tear-drops glisten in the eye,
Happy land;
They drink the gushing streams of grace,
And gaze upon the Saviour's face,
Whose brightness fills the holy place,
Happy land.

For though we 're sinners, every one,
Jesus died;
And though our crown of peace is gone,
Jesus died;
We may be cleansed from every stain;
We may be crown'd with bliss again,
And in that land of pleasure reign,
Jesus died.

Then parents, brothers, sisters, come,
Come away;
We long to reach our Father's home,
Come away;
Oh come, the time is fleeting past,
And men and things are fading fast,
Our turn will surely come at last,
Come away.

19 GOD IS IN HEAVEN.

God is in heaven; can He hear
A little child like me?
Yes, little child, thou need'st not fear,
He 'll listen e'en to thee.

God is in heaven; can He see
If I am doing wrong?
Oh yes, He can! He looks at thee
All day and all night long.

God is in heaven; would He know
If I should tell a lie?
Yes, if thou said'st it soft and low,
He 'd hear it in the sky.

God is in heaven; does He care
Thence to send good to me?
Yes, in His Word He doth declare
All good He giveth thee.

God is in heaven; would He save
A little child like me?
Yes, little child, for Jesus gave
His life to ransom thee.

20 THE LORD ATTENDS WHEN CHILDREN PRAY.

The Lord attends when children pray,
A whisper He can hear;
He knows not only what we say,
But what we wish or fear.

'Tis not enough to bend the knee,
And words of prayer to say;
The heart must with the lips agree,
Or else we do not pray.

He sees us when we are alone,
  Though no one else can see;
And all our thoughts to Him are known,
  Whatever they may be.

21 A LITTLE SHIP WAS ON THE SEA.

A LITTLE ship was on the sea,
  It was a pretty sight;
It sail'd along so pleasantly,
  And all was calm and bright.

The sun was sinking in the west,
  The shore was near at hand,
And those on board, with hearts at rest,
  Thought soon to reach the land.

When, lo! a storm began to rise;
  The wind grew loud and strong;
It blew the clouds across the skies,
  It blew the waves along.

And all but One were sore afraid
  Of sinking in the deep;
His head was on a pillow laid,
  And He was fast asleep.

"Master, we perish! Master, save!"
  They cried; their Master heard:
He rose,—rebuked the wind and wave,
  And stilled them with a word.

He to the storm said, "Peace, be still!"
  The raging billows cease;
The mighty winds obey His will,
  And all are hush'd to peace.

They greatly wonder'd! so may we,
And ask, as well as they,
Who could this glorious person be,
Whom wind and seas obey?

Oh well we know it was the Lord,
The Saviour and the Friend,
Whose care of those who trust His word,
Will never, never end.

22 SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.

When mothers of Salem their children brought to Jesus,
The stern disciples drove them back, and bade them depart;
But Jesus saw them ere they fled,
And sweetly smiled, and kindly said,
"Suffer the children to come unto Me."

For I will receive them, and fold them to My bosom,
I'll be a shepherd to these lambs—oh! drive them not away;
For if their hearts to Me they give,
They shall with Me in glory live,
"Suffer the children to come unto Me."

How kind was the Saviour to bid those children welcome!
But there are many thousands who have never heard His name;
The Bible they have never read;
They know not that the Saviour said,
"Suffer the children to come unto Me."

How happy the children who rest on Jesu's bosom,
And there, like little folded lambs, lie safely and at rest;
Thence none can pluck them e'er away,
For He who keeps them loves to say,
"Suffer the children to come unto Me."

23 HOW LOVING IS JESUS!

How loving is Jesus, who came from the sky,
In tenderest pity, for sinners to die!
His hands and His feet were nail'd to the tree,
And all this He suffer'd for sinners like me.

How precious is Jesus to all who believe,
And out of His fulness what grace they receive!
When weak, He supports them; when erring, He guides,
And everything needful He kindly provides.

How gladly does Jesus free pardon impart
To all who receive Him by faith in their heart;
Glory is for them, their home is above,
And Jesus will fetch them to dwell in His love.

24 THE SWEET STORY OF OLD.

I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He call'd little children, as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with Him then.
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,

And that I might have seen His kind look when
He said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

Yet still to His presence in prayer I may go,
For I know I may trust in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,
In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are wash'd and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

But thousands and thousands who wander and
fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
The Bible declares that there's room for them all,
And that Jesus invites them to come.
It speaks of that blessed and glorious time,
The fairest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blessed.

25 JESUS FROM HIS THRONE ON HIGH.

JESUS from His throne on high
Came unto this world to die,
That I might from sin be free,
Bled and died upon the tree.
Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me,
The Bible tells me so.

I can see Him even now,
With His pierced, thorn-clad brow,
Agonising on the tree:
Oh, what love! and all for me.

Now I feel this heart of stone
Drawn to love God's holy Son.
"Lifted up" on Calvary,
Suffering shame and death for me.

Jesus, take this heart of mine,
Make it pure and wholly Thine;
Thou hast bled and died for me;
I will henceforth live for Thee.

26 COME, YE CHILDREN, SWEETLY SING.

Come, ye children, sweetly sing
Praises to your Saviour King;
Hearts and voices gladly bring;
Praise His name!
Glory, halleluiah! Praise Him, halleluiah!
Glory, halleluiah, to the Lamb!

Jesus is the children's Friend,
Loving, faithful to the end;
Richest gifts from Him descend—
Joy and peace.

Once from heaven to earth He came,
Suffer'd death, contempt, and blame,
Died upon a cross of shame,
Crown'd with thorns.

'Twas our sinful souls to save
Thus His precious blood He gave;
Ransom'd now from sin's dark grave,
We may sing,

Blessed Jesus, loving, kind,
We would early seek and find,
And our souls in covenant bind,
Thine to be.

For our sins we deeply grieve,
But Thy promise we believe—
"Him that cometh I receive;"
Lord, we come

Help to love Thee more and more,
Serve Thee truly evermore,
Till Thy mercy we adore
In heaven above.

27 THANK GOD FOR THE BIBLE!

THANK God for the Bible! 'tis there that we find
The story of Christ and His love—
How He came down to earth from His beautiful home
In the mansions of glory above;
Thanks to Him we will bring,
Praise to Him we will sing,
For He came down to earth from His beautiful home
In the mansions of glory above.

While He lived on this earth, to the sick and the blind,
And to mourners, His blessings were given;
And He said, "Let the little ones come unto me,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven."
Jesus calls us to come,
He's prepared us a home,
For He said, "Let the little ones come unto Me,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

In the Bible we read of a beautiful land,
Where sorrow and pain never come;
For Jesus is there with a heavenly band,
And 'tis there He 's prepared us a home.

Jesus calls, shall we stay?
No! we'll gladly obey.
For Jesus is there with a heavenly band,
And 'tis there He's prepared us a home.

Thank God for the Bible! its truths o'er the earth
We'll scatter with bountiful hand;
But we never can tell what a Bible is worth,
Till we go to that beautiful land.
There our thanks we will bring,
There with angels we'll sing,
And its worth we can tell, when with Jesus we dwell,
In heaven, that beautiful land.

28 COME, CHILDREN, JOIN TO SING.

COME, children, join to sing,
Halleluiah! Amen!
Loud praise to Christ our King,
Halleluiah! Amen!
Let all with heart and voice,
Before His throne rejoice;
Praise is His gracious choice,
Halleluiah! Amen!

Come, lift your hearts on high,
Halleluiah! Amen!
Let praises fill the sky,
Halleluiah! Amen!
He is our guide and friend;
To us He'll condescend;
His love shall never end,
Halleluiah! Amen!

Praise yet the Lord again,
Halleluiah! Amen!

Life shall not end the strain,
Halleluiah! Amen!
On heaven's blissful shore,
His goodness we 'll adore;
Singing for evermore.
Halleluiah! Amen!

29 THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and off'rings divine;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
Vainly we offer each ample oblation—
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration—
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

30 CHRIST IS MERCIFUL AND MILD.

CHRIST is merciful and mild;
He was once a little child;
He whom heavenly hosts adore
Lived on earth among the poor.

Thus He laid His glory by,
When for us He stoop'd to die:
None need perish—
You may live, for Christ hath died.

How I wonder when I see
His unbounded love to me!

He the sick to health restored,
To the poor He preach'd the word;
Even children had a share
Of His love and tender care.

Every bird can build its nest,
Foxes have their place of rest;
He by whom the world was made
Had not where to lay His head.

He who is the Lord most high
Then was poorer far than I,
That I might hereafter be
Rich to all eternity!

31 HARK! THE GOSPEL NEWS IS SOUNDING.

HARK! the gospel news is sounding,
Christ has suffer'd on the tree;
Streams of mercy are abounding,
Grace for all is rich and free:
Now, poor sinner,
Look to Him who died for thee.

Oh! escape to yonder mountain,
Now believe in Him to-day;
Christ invites you to the fountain,
Come and wash your sins away:
Do not tarry,
Come to Jesus while you may.

Grace is flowing like a river,
Millions there have been supplied;
Still it flows as fresh as ever
From the Saviour's wounded side;

32 O CHILDREN, HAVE YOU HEARD?

O CHILDREN, have you heard
How Jesus Christ, the Lord,
A man became?
He left His throne on high,
Above the starry sky,
To suffer and to die
A death of shame.

Soon He again will come
And take His people home,
To heaven above;
In brightest glory there,
Eternal joys to share,
Beyond the reach of care,
Where all is love.

Come, children, trust in Him,
He'll pardon all your sin,
And you shall be
Wash'd in the precious flood
Of His atoning blood,
Made fit to worship God
Eternally.

33 JESUS COMING TO DIE FOR US.

COME, children, and learn of the infinite grace
Of Jesus in coming to die;
How He left His bright throne, that all-glorious place,
His beautiful home in the sky.
Oh! think of the Lamb who on Calvary died,
And died for such sinners as we;
Of the thorns on His brow, and the spear in His side,
When He suffer'd and bled on the tree.

Ah! never was sorrow so bitter as this,
The anguish He suffer'd below;
For the dear Son of God had done nothing amiss,
'Twas for others He tasted such woe.
Oh! think of His love, when He gave up His life
For sinners so guilty as we;
'Twas for them that He finished the conflict and strife,
'Twas for them that He bled on the tree.

Dear little ones, think, is it nothing to you,
The tale of His wonderful grace?
When He comes in the clouds, will you joyfully view,
Or tremble to look at His face?
Oh! think of the Lamb who on Calvary died,
And died for such sinners as we;
Of the thorns on His brow, and the spear in His side,
When He suffer'd and bled on the tree.

When He cometh back in His glory so bright,
The wicked may well have despair;
But children who love Him will rise with delight,
To meet their dear Lord in the air.
Oh! think of His love when He gave up His life
For sinners so guilty as we;
'Twas for them that He finish'd the conflict and strife,
'Twas for them that He bled on the tree.

34 CHILDREN, CAN YOU TELL ME WHY?

CHILDREN, can you tell me why
Jesus came to bleed and die?
He was happy high above,
Dwelling in His Father's love.

Yet He left His joy and bliss
For a wicked world like this.

Children, I will tell you why
Jesus left His home on high:
He is gracious, full of love,
Kind, and gentle as a dove,
So He could not live alone,
Though He sat upon a throne.

We were all by sin undone,
Yet He loved us, every one;
So to earth He kindly came,
On the Cross to bear our shame,
And to wash away our guilt
In the precious blood He spilt.

He who for our sins was slain,
Lives and reigns above again,
Where He 's waiting to receive
All who will His love believe:
This, dear children, this is why
Jesus came to bleed and die.

35 LOOK AND LIVE.

CHILDREN, you have gone astray,
Far from God and peace and heaven,
Would you leave that dangerous way,
Would you have your sins forgiven?
Christ can all your sins forgive;
Look to Jesus, look and live.

Children, you have sinful hearts,
Jesus Christ can make you whole,
He can cleanse your inward parts,
Sanctify and save your soul.
Jesus a new heart can give;
Look to Jesus, look and live.

Children, you may shortly die;
Jesus died your souls to save;
If you to the Saviour fly,
You shall live beyond the grave.
Life eternal He will give;
Look to Jesus, look and live.

36 LIKE MISTS ON THE MOUNTAINS.

LIKE mists on the mountains,
Like ships on the sea;
So swiftly the years
Of our pilgrimage flee;
In the grave of our fathers
Soon we may lie!
To-day to a Saviour,
Dear little ones, fly.

How sweet are the flow'rets
In April and May;
But, touch'd by the cold frost,
They wither away:
Like flowers you may fade;
Are you ready to die?
While "yet there is room,"
To the Mercy-seat fly.

When Samuel was youthful,
He first knew the Lord;
He slept in His smile,
And rejoiced in His word.
So most of God's children
Are early brought nigh;
Oh, seek Him in youth,
To His Mercy-seat fly.

Do you ask for pleasure?
Then lean on His breast,

For there the sin-laden
And weary find rest:
In the valley of death
You 'll triumphing cry,
"If this be call'd dying,
'Tis pleasant to die!"

37 THE PITY OF JESUS.

Oh! what has Jesus done for me?
He pitied me, my Saviour.
My sins were great: His love was free;
He died for me, my Saviour.
Exalted to the Father's side,
He pleads for me, my Saviour;
A heavenly mansion He 'll provide
For all who love the Saviour.
Jesus, Lord Jesus,
Thy name is sweet, my Saviour;
Soon shall I see Thee face to face,
My wondrous, blessed Saviour.

To my weak steps He doth give heed,
He watcheth me, my Saviour;
He helpeth me in every need,
He loveth me, my Saviour;
He heareth, and doth answer send
To my poor prayer, my Saviour;
And He will keep unto the end
The child that trusts the Saviour.

38 I LOVE TO HEAR THE STORY.

I love to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory,
Came down on earth to dwell;

I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because He loved me so.

I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
Oh, may I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
Who never will forget me,
Because He loved me so!

To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise,
And though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise!
For He has kindly promised
That I shall surely go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loved me so.

39 JESUS, TENDER SHEPHERD, HEAR ME.

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night,
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day Thy hand hath led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast kept, and clothed, and fed me,
Listen to my humble prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me soon to Thee in heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

40 THE MORNING BRIGHT.

THE morning bright with rosy light
Has waked me from my sleep;
Father, I own Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day, I humbly pray,
Be Thou my guard and guide;
Thy grace, Lord, give, and let me live,
Blest Jesus, near Thy side.

Oh, make Thy rest within my breast,
Thou Giver of all grace;
Make me like Thee, soon let me be
Where I shall see Thy face.

41 I'M GLAD I EVER SAW THE DAY.

I'M glad I ever saw the day—
Sing glory, glory, glory,
When Jesus wash'd my sins away,
And gave me grace and glory.
'Tis glory's foretaste makes me sing
Of glory, glory, glory;
And praise my Saviour and my King,
Like those who dwell in glory.

I'll praise my Saviour should I die,
In glory, glory, glory;
And shout salvation as I fly
To glory, glory, glory;
I'll sing while mounting through the air
To glory, glory, glory;
Then meet my Father's children there,
In glory, glory, glory.

Come, sinners, join our happy band,
And come with us to glory;

There's room enough in that blest land,
Where Jesus dwells in glory.
Receive new life and holiness,
And glory, glory, glory;
For God does freely give us grace,
And glory, glory, glory.

42 CHILDHOOD'S YEARS ARE PASSING O'ER US.

CHILDHOOD'S years are passing o'er us,
Youthful days will soon be done,
Cares and sorrows lie before us,
Hidden dangers, snares unknown.

Oh, may He, who, meek and lowly,
Trod Himself this vale of woe,
Make us His and make us holy,
Guard and guide us while we go!

Hark! it is the Saviour calling,
"Little children, follow Me!"
Jesus! keep our feet from falling;
Teach us all to follow Thee.

Soon we part, it may be never,
Never here to meet again;
Oh, to meet in heaven for ever!
Oh, the crown of life to gain!

43 DO NO SINFUL ACTION.

Do no sinful action,
Speak no angry word,
Ye belong to Jesus,
Children of the Lord.

Christ is kind and gentle,
Christ is pure and true,

And His little children
Must be holy too.

There's a wicked spirit
Watching round you still,
And he tries to tempt you
To all harm and ill.

But ye must not hear him,
Though 'tis hard for you
To resist the evil,
And the good to do.

For all new-born Christians
Learn that Christ has fought,
And o'er all the evil
He has victory bought.

He is our own Master,
He is good and true,
And His little children
Must be holy too.

44 YES, IT IS TRUE, AS I AM TOLD.

Yes, it is true, as I am told,
That there are lambs within the fold
Of God's beloved Son;
The blessed Lord, with tender care,
Does in His arms most gently bear
The helpless little one.

And I, a little straying lamb,
May come to Jesus as I am,
Though goodness I have none—
May now be folded in His breast,
As birds within the parent nest,
And be His little one.

And He can do all this for me,
Because in sorrow on the tree
He once for sinners hung;
And having put their sins away,
He now rejoices, day by day,
To bless the little one.

Others there are who love me too,
But who, with all their love, could do
What Jesus Christ has done?
Then if He teaches me to pray,
I'll surely go to Him and say,
"Lord, keep Thy little one."

Then by this gracious Shepherd fed,
And by His mercy gently led
Where living waters run,
My greatest pleasure will be this,
That I'm a little lamb of His,
Who loves the little one.

45 LORD, LOOK UPON A LITTLE CHILD.

LORD, look upon a little child,
By nature sinful, rude, and wild:
Oh! put Thy gracious hands on me,
And make me all I ought to be.

Make me Thy child, a child of God,
Wash'd in the Saviour's precious blood,
And my whole heart from sin set free,
A little vessel full of Thee.

Lord Jesus, take me to Thy breast,
And bless me, that I may be blest;
Both when I wake and when I sleep
Thy little lamb in safety keep.

46 SAVIOUR, SIN AND WANT CONFESSING.

SAVIOUR, sin and want confessing,
We would humbly seek Thy blessing,
Rich indeed if that possessing,
Grant it now, we pray.
All the riches of the earth,
Without this, are nothing worth :
Saviour, sin and want confessing,
We would humbly seek Thy blessing,
Rich indeed, if that possessing ;
Send us blest away.

Sweet it is to kneel before Thee,
And with prayer and praise adore Thee :
Dwell among us, we implore Thee ;
Leave us not alone.
May we lambs of Jesus be ;
Saviour, we would follow Thee;
Humbly trusting, kneel before Thee,
And with prayer and praise adore Thee ;
Guide and keep us, we implore Thee ;
Make us all Thine own.

47 OUR LOVING REDEEMER.

OUR loving Redeemer, we trust in Thy word—
The word which of old call'd the children to Thee ;
Its tones all so tender, with joy we have heard,
"Forbid not the lambs, who would come unto Me."
We come, oh, we come; Thou wilt welcome us home,
The rest of our souls on Thy bosom shall be.

Our sins are as scarlet, do Thou make us clean,
Wash'd white in Thy blood, as the beautiful snow;
The robe of God's righteousness on us be seen,
The joy of forgiveness our young hearts shall know.
We come, oh, we come; Thou wilt welcome us home,
Our peace, like a river, unbroken shall flow.

When life is all over, when we are above,
Where cometh no terror, where falleth no tear,
We 'll sing, in sweet numbers, Thy wonderful love,
With all who in childhood have follow'd Thee here.
We come, oh, we come; Thou wilt welcome us home,
In the glory of heaven at last to appear.

48 I HAVE HEARD, I HAVE HEARD.

I HAVE heard, I have heard the sweet tales that were told
Of the Kings and the Prophets in Israel of old,
I have read in the page of the Word of God,
Of Jesus, when here upon earth He trod.

I 've been pleased to hear how He call'd and bless'd
The little ones then, who around Him press'd,
And I 've thought, betimes, I should like to go
To the heaven where He dwells that bless'd them so.

But I cannot go thither unless I can wear
A garment all pure, unspotted, and fair;
And the robe which I need in the presence of God,
Can be whiten'd alone in a stream of blood.

I might weave for myself a cloak of works
To conceal from man what within me lurks,
But my soul to the eye of God lies bare,
And He sees every spot of defilement there.

But ah! I have heard how the Saviour died,
How He left His bright throne and the Father's side,
Was nail'd to the Cross and laid in the grave,
How He gave up His life that my soul He might save.

I have heard how He lay in the rock-girt tomb,
How He tasted for me the sepulchre's gloom,
Then bursting its bonds, roll'd the stone away,
Robbing death of its sting, and the grave of its prey.

And well do I know from the glory on high
The voice of His love is calling me nigh,
It is speaking to me of the stream of blood
Which can fit my soul for the presence of God.

49 JESUS, WHEN HE LEFT THE SKY.

JESUS, when He left the sky,
And for sinners came to die,
In His mercy pass'd not by
Little ones like me.

Mothers then the Saviour sought
In the places where He taught,
And to Him their children brought;
Little ones like me.

Did the Saviour say them nay?
No, He kindly bade them stay,
Suffer'd none to turn away
Little ones like me.

'Twas for them His life He gave,
To redeem them from the grave—
Jesus died, from hell to save
Little ones like me.

50 JESUS IS OUR SHEPHERD.

JESUS is our Shepherd, wiping ev'ry tear:
Folded in His bosom, what have we to fear?
Only let us follow whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert, or the dewy mead.

Jesus is our Shepherd: well we know His voice,
How its gentlest whisper makes our hearts rejoice
Even when it chideth, tender is its tone,
None but He shall guide us: we are His alone.

Jesus is our Shepherd; for the sheep He bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled with the blood He shed;
Then on each He setteth His own secret sign,
"They that have my Spirit, these," saith He, "are mine."

Jesus is our Shepherd; guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may raven, none can do us harm;
If we tread death's valley, dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil, victors o'er the tomb.

Jesus is our Shepherd; with His goodness now.
And His tender mercy, He doth us endow;
Let us sing His praises with a gladsome heart,
Till in heaven we meet Him, never more to part.

51 JESUS, HIGH IN GLORY.

JESUS, high in glory,
Lend a list'ning ear:
When we bow before Thee,
Infant praises hear.

Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's Almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen
When Thy praise we sing.

We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
"Saviour, Lord, we come."

52 LET US WITH A GLADSOME MIND.

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He with all-commanding might,
Fill'd the new-made world with light.

All things living He doth feed:
His full hand supplies their need.

He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness.

He of old the fathers blest,
Led them to the land of rest.

Children, come, extol His might;
Join with saints and angels bright.

All our wants He doth supply,
Loves to hear our humble cry.

He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery.

His own Son He sent to die,
Us to raise to joys on high.

Let us then with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind.

53 HOW SWEET IS THE LOVE!

How sweet is the love which we bear to each other—
The love of our father, or sister, or brother!
But what is such love when we think of the Cross,
Where Jesus for us bore unspeakable loss.

No words can the love of the Saviour express;
He laid down His life that His foes He might bless;
He was borne from the Cross to the sepulchre's gloom,
And arose the third day from the strong-guarded tomb.

And His love, precious love! has not spent itself yet,
His own in this desert He cannot forget;
And soon in the love of His heart He will come
To bear them away to His glorious, bright home.

54 TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Tell me the old, old Story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.

Tell me the Story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

Tell me the Story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful Redemption,
God's remedy for sin.

Tell me the Story often,
For I forget so soon:
The "early dew" of morning
Has pass'd away at noon.

Tell me the Story often,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember, I 'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.

Tell me that Story always
If you would really be
In any time of trouble
A comforter to me.

Tell me the same old Story
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.

Yes, and when that world's glory
Shall dawn upon my soul,
Tell me the old, old Story,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

55 MY DAYS ARE GLIDING SWIFTLY BY.

My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly—
Those hours of toil and danger;
For now we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before—the shining shore
We almost may discover.

Our absent Lord the watchword gave—
"Let every lamp be burning;"
We look afar, across the wave,
Our distant home discerning.

Should coming days be dark and cold,
We will not yield to sorrow,
For hope will sing, with courage bold,
"There 's glory on the morrow."

Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise,
Each chord on earth to sever,
There, bright and joyous in the skies—
There is our home for ever.

56 OH! HOW GOD DELIGHTS IN GIVING.

OH! how God delights in giving,
Little, helpless one, to thee!
Ev'ry moment that you 're living,
Some kind gift from Him you see.
All the cares, so fond, so tender;
All the love which round you flows;
He makes loving hearts to render—
For your infant need He knows.

But no mother's fond caresses,
Of His mighty love can tell;
No one God's own heart expresses
But the Son He loves so well;
He who left His home of glory,
Where His Father's heart He knew,
Came down here to tell the story
Of His Father's love to you.

All that God loved best He gave you—
Jesus, all He had, gave too;

Laid His birthright down to save you,
Now that birthright shares with you.
For He 's sitting in the glory,
All His Father's grace to give,
If you will believe the story,
That He died that you might live.

Here, by living and by dying,
Jesus told God's love, and died;
Wicked men, His love denying,
Would not listen, turn'd aside.
They, like Esau—oh, sad story!
Threw God's precious gift away;
That same Jesus, now in glory,
Is God's gift to you this day.

57 NO ROOM IN THE INN.

No room in the inn for the Saviour was found,
Who from childhood was treated with scorn;
No place but the manger where cattle were brought,
When the Infant of Mary was born.

No home but the Mountain of Olives was His,
Though the bird of the air had its nest;
No love but the Father's, whose bosom He left,
Could give Him refreshment and rest.

No comforters came when for comfort He look'd;
No pity, when pity He sought; [God,
Though for sin He was wounded and smitten of
The sinner would set Him at nought.

Yet heaven was open'd to give Him the praise
Denied Him by man on the earth;
And heavenly choirs broke forth in their songs
Of wonder and joy at His birth.

And angels who minister'd oft to His need,
  Were sent to His aid from the throne;
When weary and weak in the bitterest hour,
  His people had left Him alone.

But neither the manger, the Cross, nor the shame,
  Are now by this blessed One known;
Gethsemane's sorrows for ever are past,
  And the fruit of them all is His own.

And now that He dwells in the mansions of bliss,
  And has room for His precious ones there,
The manger 's remember'd to heighten the joy
  Which all will eternally share.

58 WHEN, HIS SALVATION BRINGING.

WHEN, His salvation bringing,
  To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
  Hosanna to His name.
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
  But, as He rode along,
He bade them still attend Him,
  And smiled to hear their song.

Then since the Lord retaineth
  His love for children still,
Though not as King He reigneth
  On Zion's holy hill,
We 'll flock around His banner,
  Who sits upon the throne,
And sing aloud hosanna
  To God the Father's Son!

For should we fail proclaiming
  Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
  Would their hosannas raise.

But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No, but with hearts made tender,
Our all shall be the Lord's.

59 CHILDREN OF JERUSALEM.

CHILDREN of Jerusalem
Sang the praise of Jesu's name:
Children, too, of modern days,
Join to sing the Saviour's praise.
Hark! while infant voices sing,
Loud hosanna to our King.

We are taught to love the Lord,
We are taught to read His Word,
We are taught the way to heaven;
Praise for all to God be given.

Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite to swell the song;
Higher and yet higher rise,
Till hosannas reach the skies.

60 THE SYCAMORE TREE.

THE sycamore tree by Zaccheus was climb'd,
When fearful of losing a day
In seeing the Teacher they spoke of so much,
As he heard He was passing that way.

And though little in stature, he was not too small
For the Friend of the sinner to see,
Who knew what he wish'd, as the Searcher of hearts,
And bade him come down from the tree.

And seeking to teach him yet more of His mind,
He became the rich publican's guest,

To tell him of treasures he knew not before,
And lead him to blessing and rest.

That day did salvation come into his house,
That day the poor sinner was saved,
Though in ways of extortion he acted before,
And as an oppressor behaved.

How quick was this passage from darkness to light!
How happy the publican's haste
To welcome the Friend of the lost to his house,
The sweets of His mercy to taste!

And I like Zaccheus, though lost and undone,
Though little of stature and small,
May now welcome Jesus with joy to my heart,
And answer His earliest call.

61 EDEN'S GARDEN FAIR.

How happily the moments fled
In Eden's garden fair!
For sin, the source of death and shame,
Had never enter'd there.

And man, the lord of that bright place,
Could most of all rejoice,
To know his glorious Maker near—
To hear his Maker's voice.

For nought that garden could afford
Might be compared with this;
The holy presence of the Lord
Was Adam's highest bliss.

But when with Eve he disobey'd,
The tempting fruit to eat,

He hid himself, and was afraid
  This holy God to meet.

And, children, let me ask you why
  Your hearts are full of fear,
To think you must, whene'er you die,
  Before God's face appear?

'Tis sin that makes you thus afraid,
  Your conscience tells within;
For surely hath the Scripture said—
  "The sting of death is sin."

And vainly would you seek to hide
  From God's all-piercing view;
His eyes are as the flaming fire,
  To search you through and through.

Well might you tremble, then, to die,
  While sin is unforgiven;
For no uncleansed, unpardon'd soul
  Can dwell with God in heaven.

But listen to the gracious plan
  The gospel brings to view—
How God the Holy and the Just
  Became a Saviour too.

A new and living way to Him
  Was open'd on the Cross,
When Jesus suffer'd willingly
  The wrath deserved by us.

He loves to wash poor sinners clean
  In His most precious blood,
And make them fit to stand again
  Before a holy God.

And these shall spend eternity
Beneath their Saviour's smile,
A brighter home than Eden theirs,
Where nothing can defile.

62 HOW GREAT WAS SODOM'S SIN.

How great was Sodom's sin,
When God, so good and kind,
Must burn the place, and people too,
Nor leave one thing behind.
Oh! how could Lot, who saw God's grace,
Be found in such a wicked place?

But Abram was not there,
He loved the Lord too well;
He heard the God of glory call,
And there he would not dwell.
He trusted God: and God was more
To Abram than all Sodom's store.

And when the dreadful day
Of Sodom's judgment came,
And Lot, who "linger'd" in the scene,
Was pull'd from out the flame,
Then Abram stood with God apart
And heard the secrets of His heart.

Oh! what a happy place,
Away from fear and sin!
And there it is that Jesus loves
The little ones to bring.
Safe from this world, with Him who gave
His life, the little ones to save.

And soon this world shall be
Burnt up like Sodom too;

When Jesus in His glory comes
Whom wicked men once slew;
But those who listen'd to His call
Will be with Him beyond it all.

And you, my child, He calls
His glory home to share;
To know and follow Him while here,
And live with Him up there.
Hark! how He calls—"Oh, linger not,
Nor love this wicked world like Lot."

Oh! listen to His voice,
And trust in His great love;
Down to your little heart it comes
From His great heart above;
To make you free from all the sin
And holy, happy, safe with Him.

63 THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

The Queen of Sheba came from far,
Like those who saw the leading star;
Wishing to learn from David's son,
What things the God of grace had done.

News of this king had reach'd her ear,
But she would see as well as hear:
And when she saw his glory bright,
She wonder'd greatly at the sight.

And if, like her, we prove His love,
The King of kings, the Lord above,
We 'll surely say, as she of old,
He 's greater far than we were told.

More lovely far than we had thought,
Is He by whom our souls are taught;

More grace and goodness from Him flow
Than any at a distance know.

He loves His little ones to teach,
And put His truth within their reach;
And not the weakest e'er can say,
I came, but I was sent away.

64 THE PROPHET DANIEL.

Good Daniel would not cease to pray
With all his foes in view;
He call'd on God three times a day,
As he was used to do;
Nor fear'd the powers of wicked men,
Who put him in the lions' den.

Nor was he of those beasts afraid,
Though ready to devour;
The Lord his God, to whom he pray'd,
Preserved him from their power:
The hungry lions did not dare
To touch the holy prophet there.

And thus the Lord did once preserve
The faithful Jews of old;
Who did not dare bow down and serve
The image made of gold:
For, as they fear'd His holy name,
He saved them from the burning flame.

65 A LITTLE LAMB WENT STRAYING.

A little lamb went straying
Among the hills one day,
Leaving its faithful shepherd
Because it loved to stray;

And while the sun shone brightly,
It knew no thought of fear,
For flowers around were blooming,
And balmy was the air.

But night came over quickly,
The hollow breezes blew—
The sun soon ceased its shining,
All dark and dismal grew.
The little lamb stood bleating,
As well indeed it might,
So far from home and shepherd,
And on so dark a night.

But ah! the faithful shepherd
Soon miss'd the little thing,
And onward went to seek it,
And home again to bring;
He sought on hill, in valley,
And call'd it by its name—
He sought, nor ceased his seeking
Until he found his lamb.

Then to his gentle bosom
The little lamb he press'd;
And as he bore it homeward
He fondly it caress'd;
The little lamb was happy
To find itself secure;
The shepherd, too, was joyful,
Because his lamb he bore.

And now, dear little children,
The Shepherd 's up on high,
Who came to seek the straying,
Who all deserve to die.

For sin each lamb had ruin'd,
And far from God had led;
But oh! what love unbounded,—
He suffer'd in their stead.

66 THE EDEN ABOVE.

WE'RE bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
The home of the happy, the kingdom of love.
Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of folly,
Oh say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go? will you go? will you go? will you go?
Oh say, will you go to the Eden above?

In that bless'd land neither sighing nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove;
Ye heart-burden'd ones who in misery languish,
Oh say, will you go to the Eden above?

No poverty there; no, the saints are all wealthy
The heirs of His glory, whose being is love;
No sickness can reach them, this country is healthy,
Oh say, will you go to the Eden above?

Each saint has a mansion, prepared and all furnish'd,
Ere from this clay house he is summon'd to move;
Its gates and its towers with glory are burnish'd,
Oh say, will you go to the Eden above?

March on, happy pilgrims, the land is before you;
And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove;
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory,
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.
Let us go, let us go, let us go, let us go;
Oh yes, let us go to the Eden above.

67 HE IS COMING.

He is coming—who is coming?
Is it one whom I shall fear?
No!—the blessed, kind Lord Jesus—
He who suffer'd for me here;
He is coming!
In the clouds He will appear.

Oh, how happy!—Those who love Him
All His beauty then shall see;—
And the glorious sight will make them
Bright and beautiful as He.
In a moment
Like their Saviour they will be.

He will take them up to heaven,
From this world and sin apart,
There His Father will receive them
To His home and to His heart.
In His glory,
Never more from Him to part.

Happy children who are waiting
For that bright and joyful day!
Knowing Jesus as their Saviour,
They can watch for Him, and say,
"Come, Lord Jesus!
Take Thy little ones away."

68 SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER?

Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?
Where in all the bright for ever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

Shall we meet? Shall we meet?
Shall we meet? Shall we meet?
Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?

Shall we meet in that blest harbour,
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the fair celestial shore?

Shall we meet with many loved ones,
Who were torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?

Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favour,
And sit down upon His throne?

69 THE BEAUTIFUL STREAM.

Oh, have you not heard of a beautiful stream
That flows through our Father's land?
Its waters gleam bright in the heavenly light,
And ripple o'er golden sand.

Oh, seek that beautiful stream,
Oh, seek that beautiful stream;
Its waters so free are flowing for thee,
Oh, seek that beautiful stream.

With murmuring sound doth it wander along,
Through fields of eternal green,
Where songs of the blest, in their haven of rest,
Float soft on the air serene.

Its fountains are deep, and its waters are pure,
And sweet to the weary soul;

It flows from the throne of Jehovah alone,
Oh, come where its bright waves roll.

This beautiful stream is the river of life,
It flows for all nations free;
A balm for each wound in its waters is found,
O sinner, it flows for thee!

Oh! will you not drink of the beautiful stream,
And dwell on its peaceful shore?
The Spirit says, "Come, all ye weary ones, home,
And wander in sin no more."

70 SHALL WE ALL MEET AT LAST?

SHALL we all meet at last—
Meet in the glory?
Sin and woe overpast,
Safe in the glory?
Yes, if to Christ all fly,
Yes, if to God brought nigh,
Then all may sweetly cry—
Abba, our Father!

Then shall all meet again—
Meet in the glory;
Far from sin, toil, and pain,
Safe in the glory;
Oh, then to Christ repair,
All, all are welcome there,
And heaven's bright glory share,
Ever and ever.

71 WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

WHEN shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever?
When shall peace wreathe her chain
Round us for ever?

Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes:
Never! no, never!

When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow,
Changeless for ever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill—
Never! no, never!

Up to that world of light,
Take us, dear Saviour:
May we all there unite—
Happy for ever!
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell;
And time our joys dispel—
Never! no, never!

Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever:
Soon shall peace wreathe her chain
Round us for ever.
Our hearts will then repose,
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close—
Never! no, never!

72 EVERY MORNING THE RED SUN.

Every morning the red sun
Rises warm and bright,
But the evening cometh on,
And the dark, cold night.

There 's a bright land far away,
Where 'tis never-ending day.

Every spring the sweet young flowers
Open bright and gay,
Till the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away.
There 's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are always green.

Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long;
But in colder, shorter days
They forget their song.
There 's a place where angels sing
Ceaseless praises to the King.

Christ the Lord is ever near
Those who follow Him,
But we cannot see Him here,
For our eyes are dim.
There is a most happy place,
Where men always see His face.

Who shall go to that bright land?
All by blood made white:
Ransom'd children there shall stand,
In their robes so bright.
For that heaven so bright and blest
Is our everlasting rest.

73 THERE IS SWEET REST IN HEAVEN.

Though often here we 're weary,
There is sweet rest above;
A rest that is eternal,
Where all is peace and love.

Oh, let us then press forward,
That glorious rest to gain;
We 'll soon be free from sorrow,
From toil, and care, and pain!
There is sweet rest in heaven.

Loved ones have gone before us,
They beckon us away;
O'er heavenly plains they 're soaring,
Blest in eternal day.
But we are in the army,
And dare not leave our post;
Fighting with those He conquer'd,
All Satan's wicked host.
There is sweet rest in heaven.

Our Saviour will be with us,
E'en to our journey's end,
In every sore affliction
His present help to lend.
He never will grow weary,
Though often we request;
He 'll give us grace to conquer,
And take us home to rest.
There is sweet rest in heaven.

All glory to the Father,
Who gives us every good;
All glory be to Jesus,
Who bought us with His blood,
And by His blessed Spirit,
He keeps us to the end;
Unto our God be glory,
The sinner's only Friend.
There is sweet rest in heaven.

74 HERE WE SUFFER GRIEF AND PAIN.

HERE we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In heaven we part no more.

Oh, that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful;
Oh, that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.

Little children will be there,
Who have found the Lord in prayer,
From every Sunday school.

Teachers, too, will meet above,
All who rest in Jesu's love,
Will meet to part no more.

Oh! how happy it will be,
The Lord Jesus then to see,
Exalted on His throne.

Every one shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ the Lord.

75 WE SING OF THE REALMS OF THE BLEST.

WE sing of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confess'd—
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials, without and within—
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The home of the Father above—
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls deck'd with jewels so rare;
Its wonders and pleasures untold—
But what must it be to be there?

76 MY REST IS IN HEAVEN.

My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I murmur when trials are near?
Be hush'd, my sad spirit, the worst that can come,
But shortens my journey, and hastens me home.

It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,
I would not sit down upon roses below;
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,
Until I shall find them in Jesu's kind breast.

With a scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,
I 'm marching right on to Immanuel's land;
The way may be rough, but it cannot be long,
So I 'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it with song.

77 THERE 'S A FATHER ABOVE.

There 's a Father above in that happy land,
A Father who smiles on me;
And I join my song
With the ransom'd throng—
To the Father who smiles on me.

There 's a Saviour above in that happy land,
A Saviour who died for me;
And I love to extol
My deliv'rer from thrall—
My Saviour who died for me.

There 's a harp above in that happy land,
A harp that is tuned for me;
And with it I 'll laud
My Saviour and God—
With the harp that is tuned for me.

There 's a song above in that happy land,
A song that is set for me;
And I soon shall join
In the strains divine,
Of the song that is set for me.

78 A BEAUTIFUL LAND.

A BEAUTIFUL land by faith I see,
A land of rest, from sorrow free;
The home of the ransom'd, bright and fair,
And beautiful angels too are there.

Will you go? Will you go?
Go to that beautiful land with me?
Will you go? Will you go?
Go to that beautiful land?

That beautiful land, the city of light,
It ne'er has known the shades of night;
The glory of God, the light of day,
Hath driven the darkness far away.

In vision I see its streets of gold,
Its beautiful gates I too behold;
The river of life, the crystal sea,
The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.

The heavenly throng, array'd in white,
In rapture range the plains of light,
In one harmonious choir they praise
Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace.

79 OH SAY, WILL YOU BE THERE?

Beyond this life of hopes and fears,
Beyond this world of griefs and tears,
There is a region fair.
It knows no change and no decay,
No night, but one unending day,
Oh say, will you be there?

Its glorious gates are closed to sin;
Nought that defiles can enter in
To mar its beauty rare.
Upon that bright, eternal shore,
Earth's bitter curse is known no more,
Oh say, will you be there?

No drooping form, no tearful eye,
No hoary head, no weary sigh,
No pain, no grief, no care;
But joys which here we cannot know,
Like a calm river, ever flow,
Oh say, will you be there?

80 BEAUTIFUL ZION

Beautiful Zion, built above,
Beautiful city that I love,
Beautiful gates of pearly white,
Beautiful temple—God its light.

Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
Beautiful angels, clothed in white,
Beautiful strains, that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir.

Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
Beautiful robes the ransom'd wear.
Beautiful all who enter there.

Beautiful throne of Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing;
Beautiful rest, all wand'rings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace.

81 HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS!

HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hush'd be the accents of sorrow and mourning,
Zion triumphant begins her mild reign.

Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold!
Hail to the millions from bondage returning!
Gentiles and Jews now the Saviour behold.

Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along,
Loud from the mountains the echoes are ringing,
Valleys in verdure unite in the song.

See, from the nations, the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high.
Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

82 KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE.

KIND words can never die,
Cherish'd and blest,
God knows how deep they lie,
Stored in the breast;

Like childhood's simple rhymes,
Said o'er a thousand times,
Aye in all years and climes,
Distant and near.
Kind words can never die, never die, never die;
Kind words can never die, no, never die.

Sweet thoughts can never die,
Though, like the flowers,
Their brightest hues may fly
In wintry hours.
But when the gentle dew
Gives them their charms anew,
With many an added hue,
They bloom again.
Sweet thoughts can never die, never die, &c.

Our souls can never die,
Though in the tomb
We may all have to lie,
Wrapp'd in its gloom.
What though the flesh decay,
Souls pass in peace away,
Live through eternal day
With Christ above.
Our souls can never die, never die, &c.

83 BRIGHT HOME.

BRIGHT home of our Saviour, what glories await
The spirits that pass through Thy bright pearly gate;
What anthems of rapture, unceasing and high,
Compose the loud chorus that gladdens the sky!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for yonder blest home.

The home of the ransom'd, the land of the blest;
Where pilgrims shall enter a glorious rest;
Shall wander in gladness the pastures of green,
And drink the still waters of pleasures serene.

The home that our Saviour has gone to prepare—
No heart can conceive of the blessedness there,
Of raptures unending awaiting the just,
When pure in His likeness they rise from the dust.

We bless Thee, dear Saviour, who call'st us to share
The beautiful home Thou hast gone to prepare;
We trust in Thy mercy, that, wash'd from our sin,
Through yonder bright gates we may all enter in.

84 THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

Saw you never in the twilight,
When the sun has left the skies,
Up in heaven the clear stars shining
Through the gloom like silver eyes?
So of old, the wise men watching,
Saw a little stranger star,
And they knew the King was given,
And they follow'd it from far.

Heard you never of the story
How they cross'd the desert wild,
Journey'd on by plain and mountain,
Till they found the holy Child—
How they open'd all their treasure,
Kneeling to that infant King,
Gave the gold and fragrant incense,
Gave the myrrh in offering?

Know you not that lowly Infant
Was the bright and Morning Star,

He who came to light the Gentiles
And the darken'd isles afar?
And we too may seek His cradle,
There our heart's best treasure bring—
Love, and faith, and true devotion,
For our Saviour, God, and King.

85 THE LION OF JUDAH.

'Twas Jesus, my Saviour, who died on the tree,
To open a fountain for sinners like me;
His blood is the fountain that pardon bestows,
And cleanses the foulest wherever it flows.

For the Lion of Judah shall break every chain,
And give us the victory again and again.

And when I was willing with all things to part,
He gave me my bounty, His love in my heart;
So now I am join'd with the conquering band,
Who are marching to glory at Jesus' command.
Chorus—For the Lion, &c.

Though round me the storms of adversity roll,
And the waves of destruction encompass my soul,
In vain this frail vessel the tempest shall toss,
My hopes rest secure on the blood of the cross.
Chorus—For the Lion, &c.

And when the last trumpet of judgment shall sound,
And wake all the nations that sleep in the ground,
Then, when heaven and earth shall be melting away,
I 'll sing of the blood of the cross in that day.
Chorus—For the Lion, &c.

And when with the ransom'd of Jesus, my Head,
From fountain to fountain I then shall be led,
I 'll fall at His feet, and His mercy adore,
And sing of the blood of the cross evermore.
Chorus—For the Lion, &c.

86 THE LAND ON HIGH.

THERE 's a beautiful land on high,
To its glories I fain would fly,
When by sorrows press'd down I long for my crown
In that beautiful land on high.

In that beautiful land I 'll be,
From earth and its cares set free ;
My Jesus is there, He 's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.

There 's a beautiful land on high,
And my kindred its bliss enjoy ;
Methinks I now see how they 're waiting for me
In that beautiful land on high.
In that beautiful land, &c.

There 's a beautiful land on high,
And though here I oft weep and sigh,
My Saviour hath said that no tears shall be shed
In that beautiful land on high.
In that beautiful land, &c.

There 's a beautiful land on high
Where we never shall say "good-bye :"
When o'er the river we 're happy for ever,
In that beautiful land on high.
In that beautiful land, &c.

87 ACROSS THE RIVER.

AH, yes ! there is a fairer zone,
Where sin and sorrow are unknown ;
Where weary souls find peaceful rest,
And all that love the Lord are blest.

CHORUS.

'Tis just across the river,
The narrow, narrow river,

'Tis just across the river,
Upon the other shore;
And there upon the other shore,
We hope to meet to part no more,
And dwell with God for ever,
And dwell with God for ever.

88 MIGHTY TO SAVE.

THERE is light in the valley once shrouded with darkness,
Hope sheds her bright ray o'er the gloom of the grave,
A Saviour ascending, fills earth with His brightness,
'Tis Jesus, 'tis Jesus, the mighty to save.
Mighty to save, mighty to save,
'Tis Jesus, 'tis Jesus, the mighty to save.

O'er the dark realms of death shines a halo of glory,
The tyrant no longer exerts his dread sway;
His dark reign is ended, his sceptre is broken,
Henceforth all his subjects, his subjects are free.
Chorus—Mighty to save, &c.

Shout aloud, ye redeem'd ones, repeat the glad story,
And sing all ye ransom'd from death's dismal thrall;
In triumph ascend to the mansions of glory,
For ever, for ever restored from the fall.
Chorus—Mighty to save, &c.

There, oh there, on the banks of the beautiful river,
Shall anthems of rapture unceasingly rise;
While angels and saints reunited for ever,
Shall join in the chorus that gladdens the skies.
Chorus—Mighty to save, &c.

89 O CHRISTIAN, AWAKE!

O CHRISTIAN, awake! for the strife is at hand,
With helmet, and shield, and a sword in thy hand;
To meet the bold tempter, go, fearlessly go!
And stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.

Stand like the brave,
Stand like the brave,
Stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.

Whatever thy danger, take heed and beware,
But turn not thy back, for no armour is there;
The legions of darkness, if thou wouldst o'erthrow,
Then stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.
Stand like the brave, &c.

The cause of thy Master with vigour defend,
Be watchful, be zealous, and fight to the end;
Wherever He leads thee, go, valiantly go,
And stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.
Stand like the brave, &c.

Press on, never doubting, thy Captain is near,
With grace to supply, and with comfort to cheer;
His love, like a stream in the desert, will flow,
Then stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.
Stand like the brave, &c.

90 SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?

SHALL we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God?

Yes, we 'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.
Chorus—Yes, we'll gather, &c.

Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
Chorus—Yes, we'll gather, &c.

At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.
Chorus—Yes, we'll gather, &c.

Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.
Chorus—Yes, we'll gather, &c.

91 HOME OF THE SOUL.

I WILL sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll,
While the years of eternity roll.

Oh, that home of the soul! in my visions and dreams
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between the fair city and me.

There the great trees of life in their beauty do grow,
And the river of life floweth by;
For no death ever enters that city, you know,
And nothing that maketh a lie.

That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms for ever is He,
And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.

Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.

92 GOOD TIDINGS.

SHOUT the tidings of salvation
To the aged and the young,
Till the precious invitation
Waken every heart and tongue.

CHORUS.

Send the sound the earth around,
From the rising to the setting of the sun,
Till each gath'ring crowd
Shall proclaim aloud,
The glorious work is done.

Shout the tidings of salvation,
O'er the prairies of the West;
Till each gath'ring congregation
With the gospel sound is blest.
Chorus—Send the sound, &c.

Shout the tidings of salvation,
Mingling with the ocean's roar;

Till the ships of every nation,
Bear the news from shore to shore.
Chorus—Send the sound, &c.

Shout the tidings of salvation,
O'er the islands of the sea:
Till in humble adoration,
All to Christ shall bow the knee.
Chorus—Send the sound, &c.

93 WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours,
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labour,
Rest comes sure and soon:
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,—
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

94 WAITING BY THE RIVER.

I AM waiting by the river,
And my heart has waited long;
Now I think I hear the chorus
Of the angels' welcome song.
Oh! I see the dawn is breaking
On the hill-tops of the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

They are launching on the river,
From the calm and quiet shore,
And they soon will bear my spirit
Where the weary sigh no more;
For the tide is swiftly flowing,
And I long to greet the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

Far away beyond the shadows
Of this weary vale of tears,
There the tide of bliss is sweeping
Through the bright and changeless years;
Oh! I long to be with Jesus,
In the mansions of the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

95 THESE ARE THE CROWNS.

THESE are the crowns that we shall wear
When all Thy saints are crown'd;
These are the palms that we shall bear
On yonder holy ground.

On yonder holy ground,
On yonder holy ground;
These are the palms that we shall bear
On yonder holy ground.

These are the robes, unsoil'd and white,
  Which we shall then put on,
When, foremost 'mong the sons of light,
  We sit on yonder throne.

That is the city of the Saints,
  Where we so soon shall stand,
When we shall strike these desert tents,
  And quit this desert land.

Then welcome, toil and care and pain!
  And welcome sorrow too!
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
  With such a prize in view.

Come, crown and throne! come, robe and palm!
  Burst forth, glad stream of peace!
Come, holy city of the Lamb!
  Rise, Sun of Righteousness!

96 WILL YOU BE THERE?

We know there 's a bright and a glorious home
  Away in the heavens high,
Where all the redeem'd shall with Jesus dwell—
  But, Will you be there and I?
    Will you be there and I?
    Will you be there and I?
Where all the redeem'd shall with Jesus dwell—
  But, Will you be there and I?

In robes of white o'er the streets of gold,
  Beneath a cloudless sky,
They walk in the light of their Father's smile—
  But, Will you be there and I?
    Will you be there and I?
    Will you be there and I?
They walk in the light of their Father's smile—
  But, Will you be there and I?

From every kingdom of earth they come
To join the triumphal cry
Of "Worthy the Lamb that once was slain!"
But, Will you be there and I?
Will you be there and I?
Will you be there and I?
Of "Worthy the Lamb that once was slain!"
But, Will you be there and I?

If we seek the loving Saviour now,
And follow Him faithfully,
When He gathers His children in that bright [home—
Then you'll be there and I!
Yes, you'll be there and I!
Yes, you'll be there and I!
When He gathers His children in that bright [home—
Then you'll be there and I!

If we are sheltered by the Cross,
And through the blood brought nigh,
Our every gain we'll count but loss,
Since you'll be there and I,
Since you'll be there and I,
Since you'll be there and I,
Our every gain we'll count but loss,
Since you'll be there and I.

97 OH, TOUCH THOSE CHORDS AGAIN!

Oh, touch those chords which long ago
Gave forth a trembling sound!
But now as seasons onwards flow,
Each string is silent found.
Put forth thy hand and gently try,
Call not the effort vain;
Deep in the heart's recess they lie,
Oh, touch those chords again!

Deep in the heart's recess they lie,
Oh, touch those chords again!

Perhaps some tender mother's love
First woke the music there;
Raised childhood's thoughts to things above,
And taught the early prayer.
But manhood's years a tale have told
Of sorrow, sin, and pain;
Then call the wanderer to the fold,
Oh, touch those chords again!

One kindly look, one loving word,
Might stir the depths within;
And cadence sweet, before unheard,
Break through the strife and din.
That breast where memory seems to sleep,
Bound in a weary chain,
Might swell with feelings strong and deep,
Then touch those chords again!

Go, like thy Master, live to bless,
And weep o'er others' woes;
Each fervent prayer He will confess,
And every tear that flows.
Go, seek to be the soul's true friend,
And thou may'st wake a strain
Which shall in songs of glory end,
Then touch those chords again!

98 "I WILL TRUST."

JESUS, I will trust Thee,—trust Thee with my soul,
Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou canst make me whole;
There is none in heaven, or on earth, like Thee—
Thou hast *died for sinners*, therefore, Lord, for *me*.

Jesus, I may trust Thee,—Name of matchless worth,
Spoken by the angels at Thy wondrous birth—
Written—and for ever—on Thy Cross of shame—
Sinners, read and worship, trusting in that Name.

Jesus, I must trust Thee,—pondering Thy ways,
Full of love and mercy, all Thine earthly days;
Sinners gather'd round Thee, *lepers* sought Thy face—
None too vile or loathsome for a Saviour's grace.

Jesus, I do trust Thee,—trust without a doubt—
Whosoever cometh Thou wilt not cast out;
Faithful is Thy promise, precious is Thy blood,
These, my soul's salvation, Thou, my Saviour God.

99 OUR SOULS ARE IN GOD'S MIGHTY HAND.

OUR souls are in God's mighty hand,
We're precious in His sight;
And you and I shall surely stand
With Him in glory bright.

We'll stem the storm, it won't be long,
We'll harbour by and by
In the haven of eternal rest,
With Jesus ever nigh.

Him eye to eye we then shall see,
Our face like His shall shine,
Oh, what a glorious company,
Where saints and angels join!
We'll stem, &c.

Oh, what a joyful meeting there,
In robes of white array'd;
We all shall join in praising Him
Whose glories never fade!
We'll stem, &c.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We 'll have no less to sing His praise
Than when we first begun.
We 'll stem, &c.

Then let us hasten to the day
When all shall be brought home;
Come, dear Redeemer, come away!
Come, Jesus, quickly come.
We 'll stem, &c.

100 WORTHY THE LAMB.

TUNE—"*The Marseillaise.*"

IN songs of praise adore the Lamb,
Around whose throne ten thousands sing,
Who own Him as the great I AM,
Of earth and heaven the God and King.
Come, let us join their choral strain,
Which soundeth aloud through heaven,
For us has His life been given,
"Worthy the Lamb that once was slain."

Worthy, worthy the Lamb,
The Lamb that once was slain;
Sing praise, sing praise, He died for us,
He soon shall come to reign.
Sing praise, sing praise, He died for us,
He soon shall come to reign.

All blessing, honour, glory, power,
To Him who sits upon the throne,
Unto the Lamb for evermore,
For He is worthy—He alone.
Thou madest us kings and priests to God.
Adoring, our praises we bring,
Throughout eternity we 'll sing
Thou hast redeem'd us with Thy blood.

101 THE MIDNIGHT WATCH.

TUNE—"*Die Wacht am Rhein.*"

HARK! hark! it is the midnight cry,
The Bridegroom comes, the Lord is nigh;
He comes, His heavenly bride to claim,
To end her conflict, suffering, shame.

Awake! 'tis not the time to sleep;
Awake! 'tis not the time to sleep;
Awake! awake! the midnight watch to keep,
Awake! the midnight watch to keep.

The midnight hours are dark and drear,
And all around would make us fear;
Our lamps all fill'd and burning bright,
We patient wait till morning light.

Around, within, are many foes,
Sin, Satan, and the world oppose;
But clad in armour form'd in heaven,
We stand in strength divinely given.

As gather'd in our Captain's name,
We speak together of His fame;
We part each to his lonely sphere,
To wait and watch till He appear.

Praise, praise the Lord in songs of night;
Praise ye His name, extol His might
That saved us from the jaws of hell,
Who made us meet with Him to dwell.

Praise, praise the Lord, and vigil keep,
As those aroused from death's dread sleep;
He comes! He comes! spread round the cry,
Awake! awake! the Lord is nigh.

102 THE BEAUTIFUL HOME ABOVE.

THERE 's a beautiful *river* above,
That flows from the midst of the throne;
Whose surface no tempests disturb,
Unruffled it sweetly glides on.

There 's a beautiful *city* above,
With walls decked with jewels so rare,
With streets of pure, bright, shining gold,
With which nothing on earth can compare.

There are beautiful *mansions* above,
Prepared by the Saviour, for those
Who look for salvation to Him,
And on Himself only repose.

There 's a beautiful *anthem* above,
Which the glorified ever shall sing;
Whose notes, as they swell through the heavens,
Sweet praise to the Saviour shall bring.

There are beautiful *angels* above,
Surrounding the throne of the Lamb
Whose service—blest service, it is
To worship unceasing His name.

And all these bright beautiful things,
And *more* than the heart can conceive,
Are offered by God in His love,
To *all* who on Jesus believe.

103 THE HAPPY LAND ABOVE.

THERE 's a *Father* above in that happy land,
A Father who smiles on me;
And I join my song
With the ransom'd throng—
To the Father who smiles on me.

There 's a *Saviour* above in that happy land,
A Saviour who died for me;
And I love to extol
My Deliverer from thrall—
My Saviour who died for me.

There 's a *harp* above in that happy land,
A harp that is tuned for me;
And with it I 'll laud
My Saviour and God—
With the harp that is tuned for me.

There 's a *song* above in that happy land,
A song that is set for me;
And I soon shall join
In the strains divine
Of the song that is set for me.

104 THE PRODIGAL'S RESOLVE.

"I PERISH with hunger," the prodigal cried,
"At home there's enough and to spare;
I will go to my father, and quickly I 'll go,
My heart doth so long to be there.

"Far country, farewell! ye husks, and ye swine,
Companions, and harlots, adieu!
I fly from you all, and myself I abhor,
So long to have herded with you!

"Enchain'd and led captive I madly career'd
In the pathway of folly and sin;
But ye paid me with misery, hunger, and rags;
Oh! sad is the state I am in!

"I fly from you all, to my long-lost, loved home,
My father awaiteth me there;
Subdued, and repenting, his pardon I 'll crave,
He *may*, yes! he *will*, hear my prayer.

"And if but a servant in that happy place
My lot it is henceforth to be,
How blest my position! Far country, farewell,
From your husks and your hunger I flee!"

But no! as a *son* he was welcomed at home,
Accepted, beloved, and forgiven;
"The lost one was found, the dead was alive,"
And loud was the music of heaven.

105 THE HOME PREPARED ABOVE.

'Tis all prepared above the sky—
The harp, the robe, the song,
For those who love the Saviour's name,
And for His coming long.

'Tis all prepared by love Divine,
Eternally secure,
To all who, resting on *the blood*,
Have made their titles sure.

Have *you* the title, children dear?
Are *you*, through grace, forgiven?
Are *you* by Jesus' precious blood
Made meet to go to heaven?

No other way to heaven is found
But by the Saviour's blood;
'Tis that *alone* which saves the soul,
And brings it near to God.

106 WHY DID JESUS DIE?

Oh, why did Jesus leave His home
Above the bright blue sky,
And all the joy and transports there,
To come to earth to die?

'Twas *love*, pure *love*, which brought Him from
Above the bright blue sky;
'Twas *love*, pure *love*, which made Him come
To suffer, bleed, and die.

And now He 's gone, and lives again
Above the bright blue sky;
And all who taste His saving grace
Shall live with Him on high.

Oh, blessed home of endless rest!
Sweet home of peace and joy!
How loud will be the song of praise
Above the bright blue sky!

107 SHALL IT *ALL* BE MINE?

Shall the pearly gates be opened
To this deathless soul of mine?
Shall I bask beneath the sunlight
Of the throne of God divine?
Shall I join the rapturous chorus?
Shall I swell the endless song
Shall I be, through untold ages,
One of heaven's bright radiant throng?

Oh! methinks, if such my portion,
I could soar aloft to-day!
No bright dream of earthly pleasure
Should my happy soul delay:
As on doves' soft downy pinions,
With an eagle's strength possest,
I would reach the happy haven
"Where the weary are at rest."

Say you, "If such be my portion?"
So it is, if you rely
On the precious blood which cleanses
Sins of "scarlet, crimson" dye.

Faith in Jesus as the Saviour
Rescuing from guilt and thrall—
Faith in Him, *and in Him* ONLY,
Gives the title to it ALL.

108 JESUS IS MINE.

Now I have found a Friend,
Jesus is mine;
His love shall never end,
Jesus is mine.
Though earthly joys decrease,
Though human friendships cease,
Now I have lasting peace;
Jesus is mine.

Though I grow poor and old,
Jesus is mine;
He will my faith uphold,
Jesus is mine.
He shall my wants supply,
His precious blood is nigh,
Nought can my hope destroy,
Jesus is mine.

When earth shall pass away,
Jesus is mine;
In the great judgment day,
Jesus is mine.
Oh! what a glorious thing,
Then to behold my King,
On tuneful harp to sing,
Jesus is mine.

Farewell, mortality!
Jesus is mine;
Welcome, eternity!
Jesus is mine.

He my Redemption is,
Wisdom and Righteousness,
Life, Light, and Holiness,
Jesus is mine.

Father! Thy name I bless,
Jesus is mine;
Thine was the sovereign grace,
Jesus is mine.

Spirit of holiness,
Sealing the Father's grace,
Thou mad'st my soul embrace
Jesus as mine.

109 THE VOICE OF JESUS.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
The living water;—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.
I came to Jesus and I drank
Of that life-giving stream,
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.

I look'd to Jesus and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of Life I 'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

110 THE SURETYSHIP OF THE LORD JESUS.

O CHRIST, what burdens bow'd Thy head!
Our load was laid on Thee;
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead—
Bearest all my ill for me:
A victim led, Thy blood was shed;
Now there 's no load for me.

Death and the curse were in our cup—
O CHRIST, 'twas full for Thee!
But Thou hast drain'd the last dark drop—
'Tis empty now for me.
That bitter cup—love drank it up;
Now blessings' draught for me.

Jehovah lifted up His rod—
O CHRIST, it fell on Thee!
Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God;
There 's not one stroke for me.
Thy tears, Thy blood beneath it flow'd:
Thy bruising healeth me.

The tempest's awful voice was heard—
O CHRIST, it broke on Thee!
Thy open bosom was my ward:
It braved the storm for me.
Thy form was scarr'd—Thy visage marr'd;
Now cloudless peace for me.

A flame was kindled in God's ire—
O CHRIST, it burn'd on Thee!
It was a hot, consuming fire,
Ev'n in the fair green tree;
There did that fire feed and expire;
Now it is quench'd for me.

Jehovah bade His sword awake—
O CHRIST, it woke 'gainst Thee!
Thy blood the flaming blade must slake;
Thy heart its sheath must be—
All for my sake, my peace to make:
Now sleeps that sword for me.

The Holy One did hide His face—
O CHRIST, 'twas hid from Thee!
Dumb darkness wrapt Thy soul a space—
The darkness due to me.
But now that face of radiant grace
Shines forth in light on me.

For me, LORD JESUS, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee;
Thou 'rt risen: my bands are all untied;
And now Thou liv'st in me.
When purified, made white, and tried,
Thy GLORY then for me!

111 THE LOVE OF JESUS.

ONE there is above all others—
Oh, how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's—
Oh, how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us—
Oh, how He loves!

'Tis eternal life to know Him—
Oh, how He loves!
Think, oh! think how much we owe Him—
Oh, how He loves!
With His precious blood He bought us,
In the wilderness He sought us,
To His fold He safely brought us—
Oh, how He loves!

We have found a friend in Jesus—
Oh, how He loves!
'Tis His great delight to bless us—
Oh, how He loves!
How our hearts delight to hear Him
Bid us dwell in safety near Him.
Why should we distrust or fear Him?
Oh, how He loves!

Through His name we are forgiven—
Oh, how He loves!
Backward shall our foes be driven—
Oh, how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide us,
Nought but good shall e'er betide us,
Safe to glory He will guide us—
OH, HOW HE LOVES!

112 THE FULNESS OF JESUS.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,—
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursèd load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus;—
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases;
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,—
He all my sorrows shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus,—
This weary soul of mine:
His right hand me embraces;
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ the Lord!
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name is spread abroad.

I long to be like Jesus—
Meek, lowly, loving, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

113 "WHAT MUST I DO."

NOTHING, either great or small,
Nothing, sinner, no;
Jesus did it, did it *all*,
Long, long ago.

When *He* from His lofty throne
Stoop'd to do and die,
Everything was fully done;
Hearken to *His* cry:—

"*It is finished!*" Yes, indeed,
Finish'd every jot;
Sinner, this is all you need,
Tell me, Is it not?

Weary, working, plodding one,
Why toil you so?
Cease your doing; all was done
Long, long ago.

Till to Jesus' work you cling
By a simple faith,
"Doing" is a deadly thing,
"Doing" ends in death.

Cast your deadly "doing" down,
Down at Jesus' feet;
Stand in *Him*, in *Him alone*,
Gloriously complete!

114 I'M BUT A STRANGER HERE.

I'M but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my father-land,
Heaven is my home.

What though the tempests rage?
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home;
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home:
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home;
And I shall surely stand,
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heaven is my father-land,
Heaven is my home.

There, at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home.
I shall be glorified;
Heaven is my home.
There, with the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
I shall for ever rest;
Heaven is my home.

115 I ONCE WAS A STRANGER.

I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God,
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load;
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
Jehovah Tsidkenu was nothing to me.

Like tears from the daughters of Zion that roll,
I wept when the waters went over His soul;
Yet thought not that my sins had nail'd to the tree
Jehovah Tsidkenu—'twas nothing to me.

When free grace awoke me, by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die;
No refuge, no safety in self could I see,—
Jehovah Tsidkenu my Saviour must be.

My terrors all vanish'd before the sweet name;
My guilty fears banish'd, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free,—
Jehovah Tsidkenu is all things to me.

Jehovah Tsidkenu ! my treasure and boast,
Jehovah Tsidkenu ! I ne'er can be lost;
In Thee I shall conquer by flood and by field,
My cable, my anchor, my breast-plate and shield !

116 OH, FOR THE ROBES OF WHITENESS!

Oh, for the robes of whiteness !
Oh, for the tearless eyes !
Oh, for the glorious brightness
Of the unclouded skies !

Oh, for the no more weeping,
Within the land of love,
The endless joy of keeping
The bridal feast above !

Oh, for the bliss of flying,
My risen Lord to meet ! (1 Thess. iv. 17.)
Oh, for the rest of lying
For ever at His feet !

Oh, for the hour of seeing
My Saviour face to face !
The hope of ever being
In that sweet meeting-place.

Jesus ! Thou King of Glory,
I soon shall dwell with Thee;
I soon shall sing the story
Of Thy great love to me.

Meanwhile, my thoughts shall enter
E'en now before Thy throne,
That all my love may centre
In Thee, and Thee alone.

117 THE EVER-DURING MERCY OF GOD.

PRAISE, praise ye the name of Jehovah our God,
Declare, oh, declare ye, His glories abroad;
Proclaim ye His mercy from nation to nation,
Till the uttermost islands have heard His salvation!
For His love floweth on, free and full as a river,
And His mercy endureth for ever and ever.

Praise, praise ye the Lamb who for sinners was slain,
Who went down to the grave and ascended again;
And who soon shall return, when these dark days are o'er,
To set up His kingdom in glory and power.
For His love floweth on, free and full as a river,
And His mercy endureth for ever and ever.

Then the heavens, and the earth, and the sea shall rejoice,
The field and the forest shall lift the glad voice,
The sands of the desert shall flourish in green,
And Lebanon's glory be shed o'er the scene.
For His love floweth on, free and full as a river,
And His mercy endureth for ever and ever.

Her bridal attire and her festal array,
All nature shall wear on that glorious day;
For her King cometh down with His people to reign,
And His presence shall bless her with Eden again.
For His love floweth on, free and full as a river,
And His mercy endureth for ever and ever.

118 LORD JESUS, I HAVE FOUND THEE.

LORD JESUS, I have found Thee,
In Thee my soul doth rest;
Thine arm is thrown around me,
My head is on Thy breast.
Safe, safe, O Lord, for ever!
Why, why this grace to me?
Nor earth, nor hell can sever
Thy ransomed ones from Thee.

Long, long, with weary footsteps,
My burden'd soul toil'd on:
When, when, my heart was saying,
Will the long night be gone?
But light, and rest, and refuge,
Were mine when, on the tree,
All in Thy deathly anguish,
I saw Thee hang for me.

Now, O my God, my Father,
Look on Thy blood-bought child;
And by the Holy Spirit,
The Unction pure and mild,
Teach Thou my feet, long-erring,
To tread Thy holy ways;
Fill all my heart with gladness,
And touch my lips with praise.

119 PLEASURE.

ONCE I look'd for pleasure
From this empty scene,
Counted all for treasure
Which was golden sheen;

Floated down the current
On light folly's wave;
Plunged in passion's torrent
Freely, yet a slave.

Then I woo'd ambition,
Fain its heights would climb;
Sought some noble mission,
Soar'd to themes sublime:
Till, my dreams forsaking,
I to life's plain prose,
And its tasks betaking,
Bow'd to its repose.

Ah, the world can never
Happiness impart!
None but Christ can ever
Fill the craving heart:
Water, fresh and living,
From His bosom flows,
Peace and pleasure giving,
While it life bestows.

Ye who thirst for pleasure,
Why from Jesus rove?
Come, and prove the measure
Of His perfect love.
'Tis an ever-flowing,
Over-running well;
Fullest bliss bestowing,
Joy which none can tell.

Drinking of the river
Of this sacred joy,
Thanks to Thee, the Giver,
Must the heart employ.

Saviour, life eternal,
Holy, blessed Lord,
Sum of bliss supernal,
Be Thy name adored!

120 OURS ARE PEACE AND JOY DIVINE.

Ours are peace and joy divine,
Who are one with Christ,
When—like branches in the Vine—
We abide in Christ.
As a living grafted shoot,
Nourish'd from a hidden root,
We may bear all holy fruit,
Through "THE LOVE OF CHRIST."
Clusters grow on every branch,
Through "THE LOVE OF CHRIST."

Christian pity moves our heart,
Through "the love of Christ;"
Others' woes pierce like a dart
When there 's love to Christ:
Gospel tidings we must tell—
Sinners warn to flee from hell—
Lure and win—alarm, compel—
By "THE LOVE OF CHRIST."
Heaven's ranks we 'll seek to swell,
For "THE LOVE OF CHRIST."

We will love with tender care—
Knowing love to Christ—
Brethren who His image bear—
For "the love of Christ."
"Jesus only" shall we know,
And our love to all shall flow,
In His blood-bought Church below—
For "THE LOVE OF CHRIST."

We now love all Christ-like ones,
For "THE LOVE OF CHRIST."

Now we live and walk by faith,
Through "the love of Christ;"
We can triumph over death,
One in life with Christ:
Rooted, settled, knowing more,
Depth and heights of love explore,
Till we gain the heavenly shore—
Through "THE LOVE OF CHRIST."
When He comes we then shall know
All "THE LOVE OF CHRIST."

121 WHEN THE GLAD SUN BREAKING.

WHEN the glad sun breaking
Flings its wealth of joy,
And the birds awaking
Trill their sweet employ,
In the cheery morning,
When the breezes play,
Echoes still the warning,
"All must pass away."

In the day's still fervour,
Toiling here and there,
Watching, work, endeavour,
Sunshine everywhere.
All is bright and beaming,
Sights and sounds so gay;
Gone will be the gleaming,
All must pass away.

When the day is over,
Starbeams shine so high,
Calming beauties hover,
Evening shades the sky.

Hark ! the night-bird calling
Echoes thrillingly,
Sounds of beauty falling,
All must pass away.

Child of giddy pleasure,
Joying in the day,
Recking not to-morrow—
All must pass away.
Shines the summer beaming,
Clouds may overcast,
Earthly light must vanish,
Gleam, and then is past.

Yonder shines the portal
Of a lasting home ;
Light and life immortal—
Sinner, will you come ?
Hear the Saviour saying,
"Hither, come to Me,"
And His voice obeying,
His for aye to be.

122 "HE IS OUR PEACE."

JESUS gives a full redemption,
He is our peace ;
From all judgment we 've exemption,
He is our peace.
As poor sinners He received us,
From sin's burden He relieved us,
From the chains of Satan freed us,
He is our peace.

Now *this* is our consolation,
He is our peace ;
And we *rest* in His salvation,
He is our peace.

Though this world may seek to charm us,
Though the devil try to harm us,
'Gainst it all this word must arm us,
He is our peace.

'Tis *His* peace the Saviour giveth;
He is our peace.
Now at God's right hand He liveth,
He is our peace.
Troubles thicken fast around us,
Many mighty foes surround us,
None of these shall e'er confound us,
He is our peace.

Peace it is past understanding;
He is our peace.
Though we sorrow, notwithstanding
He is our peace.
All that grieves Him we are shunning,
In the race we're gladly running,
Watching *daily* for His coming,
He is our peace.

123 WHITER THAN SNOW.

THERE'S a beautiful word which I often have heard,
Its meaning I wish much to know;
I think if we look we shall find in God's Book
About being "whiter than snow."

It puzzles me much to think there is such,
For for whiteness there's nothing I know
With the snow to compare, so shining and fair;—
Then what can be "whiter than snow?"

Perhaps angels' wings, or some beautiful things
Which I as a child cannot know;
If I think all the day, I never could say
What there is that is "whiter than snow."

The snowdrop looks brown with its head drooping down
On its white winter border below;
And the lily, though white, I'm sure has not quite
The claim to be "whiter than snow."

But a child cannot find out the depths of God's mind;
To a wiser than I, I will go,
And ask Him to tell, for I 'd like to know well,
Of this wonderful "whiter than snow."

. . . . .

But can God behold, as I have been told,
A child who 's so little and low?
And can it be true, if my heart is made new,
That *I* shall be "whiter than snow."

I thought of the flowers freshen'd up by the showers,
Of the clouds with the bright sunlight glow;
I could not have thought it was I who was brought,
And wash'd, and made "whiter than snow."

How sweet!—it *is* true that I am made new
If wash'd in the blood that did flow
So freely to cleanse away the dark stains,
And to make our hearts "whiter than snow."

And now that I 'm Thine, oh! teach me to shine,
And in love and in wisdom to grow;
From sin undefiled, dear Lord, keep Thy child,
Who is wash'd, and made "whiter than snow."

124 PEACE.

COME, let us sound the Saviour's praise,
Whose fame shall e'er increase;
Proclaim His wondrous work and ways,
Of mercy, love, and peace.

He on the cross, in purest love,
Accomplish'd His decease,
Was buried, rose, and went above,
And so establish'd peace.

He who on earth thus shed His blood,
For guilty man's release,
Now sits upon the throne of God,
To give the sinner peace.

Mercy and truth, made firmest friends,
From former conflicts cease;
Their ancient feud in Jesus ends
In righteousness and peace.

O blessèd truth! that God, in grace,
From judgment can release
The soul that looks in Jesus' face
For pardon, life, and peace.

Peace, peace with God, gives holy calm,
With joys that still increase,
And raises from the heart a psalm
To Christ, who is "our peace."

125 IN THEE I REST.

JESUS! Thy love is mine,
In Thee I rest;
And, Lord, my love is Thine,
In Thee I rest;

Ne'er from Thee can I part,
I must dwell near Thy heart;
Life of my soul Thou art,
In Thee I rest.

Lord! mine exceeding joy,
In Thee I rest;
Nought can my life destroy,
In Thee I rest;
Saved by Thy precious blood,
Kept by my Shepherd's rod,
Through Thee made nigh to God,
In Thee I rest.

Soon shall the night be past,
In Thee I rest;
Thy face I 'll see at last,
In Thee I 'll rest;
Thy *voice* will call me home,
Ne'er from Thy side to roam;
Till that glad day shall come,
In Thee I 'll rest.

126 JESUS MY PORTION.

LORD, Jesus, Thou who only art
The endless source of purest joy,
Oh! come and fill this longing heart—
May nought but Thee my thoughts employ.
Teach me to Thee to lift my eye,
For none but Thee can satisfy.

The joys of earth can never fill
The heart that 's tasted of Thy love;
No portion would I seek until
I reign with Thee, my Lord, above.
When I shall gaze upon Thy face,
And know more fully all Thy grace.

Floated down the current
On light folly's wave;
Plunged in passion's torrent
Freely, yet a slave.

Then I woo'd ambition,
Fain its heights would climb;
Sought some noble mission,
Soar'd to themes sublime:
Till, my dreams forsaking,
I to life's plain prose,
And its tasks betaking,
Bow'd to its repose.

Ah, the world can never
Happiness impart!
None but Christ can ever
Fill the craving heart:
Water, fresh and living,
From His bosom flows,
Peace and pleasure giving,
While it life bestows.

Ye who thirst for pleasure,
Why from Jesus rove?
Come, and prove the measure
Of His perfect love.
'Tis an ever-flowing,
Over-running well;
Fullest bliss bestowing,
Joy which none can tell.

Drinking of the river
Of this sacred joy,
Thanks to Thee, the Giver,
Must the heart employ.

Saviour, life eternal,
Holy, blessed Lord,
Sum of bliss supernal,
Be Thy name adored!

120 OURS ARE PEACE AND JOY DIVINE.

OURS are peace and joy divine,
Who are one with Christ,
When—like branches in the Vine—
We abide in Christ.
As a living grafted shoot,
Nourish'd from a hidden root,
We may bear all holy fruit,
Through "THE LOVE OF CHRIST."
Clusters grow on every branch,
Through "THE LOVE OF CHRIST."

Christian pity moves our heart,
Through "the love of Christ;"
Others' woes pierce like a dart
When there 's love to Christ:
Gospel tidings we must tell—
Sinners warn to flee from hell—
Lure and win—alarm, compel—
By "THE LOVE OF CHRIST."
Heaven's ranks we 'll seek to swell,
For "THE LOVE OF CHRIST."

We will love with tender care—
Knowing love to Christ—
Brethren who His image bear—
For "the love of Christ."
"Jesus only" shall we know,
And our love to all shall flow,
In His blood-bought Church below—
For "THE LOVE OF CHRIST."

And where'er the riot sounded,
There my giddy footsteps bounded,
For nothing me astounded,
However sad and far from right,
And dark scenes of sin and folly were as pictures in my sight.

But a Saviour's yearning met me,
And a Saviour's mercy let me
Feel the horrors of my certain and my fast impending doom;
And I sought by reformation,
To work out my own salvation,
And I offered my oblation,
But could not remove the gloom,
Which fast settled on my spirit, when I thought upon the tomb.

With a soul bowed down by sorrow,
And no prospect for the morrow,
But deeper, deeper misery, for I felt I was undone,
I besought with deep entreaty,
"Oh, my God and Father meet me!
And with loving accents greet me,
For the sake of Christ, Thy Son!
Oh, remember not my madness, but what Christ, my Lord, has done!"

Then true joy broke on my spirit,
And I felt I did inherit
The rich blessings of forgiveness, and salvation full and free;
'Twas the *Cross of Christ* relieved me,
For all else had but deceived me,
And I cried, "Now, nought shall grieve me,
But, my Lord, forsaking Thee—
Oh, but draw me, precious Jesus, and my soul shall follow Thee!"

And the Father kissed His child,
Once so wayward and so wild,
And He sweetly cheered me onward, setting glory in my view!
Oh, the joy of having Jesus,
Who from every bondage frees us!
And of every woe relieves us—
Oh, 'tis rapture deep and true!
Surely *all* would love the Saviour, if His preciousness they knew!

129 WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD!

We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died and is now gone above.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory. Hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory. Revive us again.

We praise Thee, O God! for Thy spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us and sought us, and guided our ways.

Revive us again: Fill each heart with Thy love—
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

Revive us again: Rouse the dead from their tomb;
May they now come to Jesus, while yet there is room.

130 YES, WE PART, BUT NOT FOR EVER.

Yes, we part, but not for ever—
Joyful hopes our bosoms swell;

They who love the Saviour never
Know a long, a last farewell.
Blissful unions Lie beyond this parting vale.
Sweet this hour of benediction,
When such unions come to mind—
When each holy heart-conviction,
With the promises combined,
Tells of meetings By our God for us design'd.
What a morrow beams before us!
Brighter far than tongue can tell—
Glorious morrow to restore us
HIM with whom we long to dwell,
Dwell for ever! Brethren dear, farewell—farewell!

131 SAY, BROTHERS, WILL YOU MEET US?

SAY, brothers, will you meet us
On Canaan's happy shore?
By the grace of God we 'll meet you
Where partings are no more.
Say, sisters, will you meet us? &c.
By the grace of God we 'll meet you.
There we 'll meet and praise our Jesus,
For ever, evermore.

132 A HOME SONG.

RISE up and hasten! my soul, haste along!
And speed on thy journey, with hope and with song;
Home, home is nearing, 'tis coming into view,
A little more of toiling, and then to earth adieu!
Come, then come! and raise the joyful song,
Ye children of the wilderness, our time cannot be long;
Home, home, home! oh, why should we delay?—
The morn of heaven is dawning, we 're near the break of day.

Why should we linger when heaven lies before?
Earth 's fast receding, and soon will be no more;
Its joys and its treasures which once here we knew,
Now never more can charm us, with such a goal
in view.

Loved ones in Jesus, they 've passed on before,
Resting in glory, they weary are no more;
Desert-toils are ended, nothing now but joy
And praises loud ascending there ever glad employ.

No condemnation! blessed is the word;
No separation! for ever with the Lord.
By His blood He bought them, wash'd their every
stain,
With rapture now they praise Him, the Lamb
that once was slain.

Soon we shall join them, see Him with these eyes;
Sing hallelujahs triumphant in the skies:
He will be with us, who loved us long before,
And Jesus, precious Jesus, is ours for evermore.

Come, then come! and raise the joyful song,
Ye children of the wilderness, our time cannot
be long;
Home, home, home! oh, why should we delay?—
The morn of heaven is dawning, we 're near the
break of day.

133 THOU DIDST LEAVE THY THRONE.

Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy Kingly
crown,
When Thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home was there found no room
For the Holy Nativity;—
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee!

Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But in lowly birth didst Thou come to the earth,
And in great humility.

The foxes found rest, and the birds had their nest
In the shade of the cedar tree;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee.

Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word,
That should set thy people free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary.

When heaven's arches shall ring, and her choir shall sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room—
There is room at my side for thee."

134 GRACIOUS SHEPHERD.

GRACIOUS Shepherd! loving Saviour!
Draw our children's hearts to Thee;
Safe within Thy bosom folded,
May they quickly gather'd be;
Gracious Shepherd!
Draw our children's hearts to Thee.

Without Thee, all human effort,
Impotent must ever be;
None beside Thyself can save them,
But all power is given to Thee;
Gracious Shepherd!
Draw our children's hearts to Thee.

On Thy love and care we cast them,
Bringing them in faith to Thee;
Teach them, Lord, what peace and pleasure
In Thyself and ways must be;
Gracious Saviour!
Draw our children's hearts to Thee.

From the world and Satan's bondage,
From the flesh, oh! set them free;
In their hearts be faith implanted,
Love and holiness, by Thee;
Gracious Shepherd!
Draw our children's hearts to Thee.

135 JESUS! THE NAME I LOVE SO WELL.

JESUS! the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear!
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And though I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road,
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

And there with all the blood-bought throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new, eternal song,
Of Jesu's love to me.

136 O HAPPY DAY THAT FIX'D MY CHOICE.

O HAPPY day that fix'd my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
Happy day! happy day!
When Jesus wash'd my sins away.
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day.
Happy day! happy day!
When Jesus wash'd my sins away.

'Tis done—the great transaction 's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the love divine.

Now rest my long divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When call'd on angel's bread to feast?

137 JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY, ONWARD WE MOVE.

JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above,
Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy says come!
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.
Joyfully, &c.

Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,
Soon to the presence of God we shall go;
Then, if to Jesus our hearts have been given,
Joyfully, joyfully, rest we in heaven.

Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear;
Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear,
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.

Death with his arrows may soon lay us low,
Safe in our Saviour we fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb—
Joyfully, joyfully, soon we go home.

Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquered, his sceptre be gone;
Over the plains of our Canaan we'll roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

138 HARK! HARK! MY SOUL, WHAT PRECIOUS SONGS ARE SWELLING.

HARK! hark! my soul, what precious songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling,
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
Angels of Jesus! Angels of light,
Waiting to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Onward we press, while saints are sweetly singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come,"
And through the world, its echoes gently ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.

Far, far away, wherever the sunbeams glisten,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls by thousands rise and listen,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

Rest comes at length, tho' now the path be dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the saints' true home, will come at last.

Cheer up, my soul! while faithful watches keeping;
Sing the sweet fragments of the songs above,
And thus press on: the present night of weeping
Shall soon give place to day of endless love.

139 NO MORTAL EYE THAT LAND HATH SEEN.

No mortal eye that land hath seen,
Beyond, beyond the river!
Its smiling valleys bright and green,
Beyond, beyond the river.
Its shores are coming nearer,
Its skies are growing clearer,
Each day it seemeth dearer,
That land beyond the river.
We'll stand the storm, we'll stand the storm,
Its rage is almost over;
We'll anchor in the harbour soon,
In the land beyond the river.

That glorious day will ne'er be done, &c.
For we've a crown and kingdom won, &c.

There is eternal pleasure,
And joys which none can measure,
For those who have their treasure, &c.

When we shall look from Zion's hill, &c.
With endless bliss our hearts shall thrill, &c.
There angels bright are singing,
There golden harps are ringing;
We ne'er shall cease our singing, &c.

140 OH! HASTE AWAY, MY BRETHREN DEAR.

Oh! haste away, my brethren dear,
And come to Canaan's shore;
We 'll meet and sing for ever there,
When all our toils are o'er.
Oh, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful!
Oh, that will be joyful,
To meet to part no more,
To meet to part no more,
On Canaan's happy shore;
And there sing hallelujah
With the friends who have gone before.

How sweet to hear the hallowed theme
That saints shall ever sing,
To hear their voices all proclaim
"Salvation to the King."

Around His throne all clothed in white
Will all His saints appear;
And shining in His glory bright,
We 'll see our Saviour there.

Through heaven the shouts of angels ring,
When sons to God are born:
Oh, what a company will sing
On the millennial morn!

Through one eternal day we'll sing,
And bless His sacred Name,
With hallelujahs to the King,
And "Worthy is the Lamb."

141 ROCK OF AGES.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

142 THIS IS NOT MY PLACE OF RESTING.

THIS is not my place of resting,
Mine 's a city yet to come;
Onwards to it I am hasting,
On to my eternal home.
In the city of the holy,—
In the land of the blessed,
Where my Saviour reigns in glory,
There my home shall be.
There my home shall be ever,
There my home shall be ever,
There my home shall be ever,
There my home shall be.

In it all is light and glory,
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story
All the curse has passed away.

There the Lamb our Shepherd leads us
By the stream of life along;
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.

Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Never more be sad or weary,
Never, never sin again.

143 THERE IS LIFE FOR A LOOK AT THE CRUCIFIED ONE.

THERE is life for a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him, and be saved—
Unto Him that was nailed to the tree.

Oh why was He there as the bearer of sin,
If on Jesus thy sins were not laid?
Oh why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,
If His dying thy debt has not paid?

It is not thy tears of repentance, or prayers,
But the BLOOD that atones for the soul;
On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.
His anguish of soul on the cross hast thou seen—
His cry of distress hast thou heard?
Then why, if the terrors of wrath He endured,
Should pardon to thee be deferred?

Thou art healed by His stripes; would'st thou add to the word?
And He is thy righteousness made;
The best robe of Heaven He bids thee put on,
Oh! would'st thou be better arrayed?
Then doubt not thy pardon, since God has declared
There remaineth no more to be done,
That once, in the end of the world, He appeared
And completed the work He begun.

But take with rejoicing, from Jesus at once
The life everlasting He gives,
And know with assurance thou never canst die,
Since Jesus, Thy Righteousness, lives.
There is life in a look at the crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him, and be saved,
And know thyself spotless as He.

144 THE CROSS.

THE cross, the cross ! the Christian's only glory,
I see the standard rise ;
March on, march on ! the cross of Christ before thee ;
That cross all hell defies.

The cross, the cross ! redemption's standard raising,
I see the banner wave ;
Sing, on the march, salvation's Captain praising ;
'Tis Christ alone can save.

The cross, the cross ! oh, who at last shall gain it,
That cross a crown affords ;
Press on, press on with courage to obtain it,
The battle is the Lord's.

145 GLORY TO GOD ON HIGH.

GLORY to God on high !
Let heaven and earth reply,
"Praise ye His name !"
Angels His love adore,
Who all our sorrows bore,
And saints cry evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb !"

Jesus, our Lord and God,
Bore sin's accursed load,
"Praise ye His name !"
Tell what His arm hath done,
What spoils from death He won,
Sing His great name alone !
"Worthy the Lamb !"

Let all the hosts above
Join in one song of love,
"Praising His name !"

To Him ascribed be,
Honour and majesty,
Through all eternity:
"*Worthy the Lamb!*"

146 FOR EVER WITH THE LORD.

FOR EVER WITH THE LORD!
Amen! so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality!
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's far-seeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love:
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease;
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace!

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